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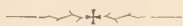
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## THE NEW YEAR.



The Old is gone, the New is here,  
Ushered in with hearty cheer;  
And many wishes for success  
To crown the New Year's happiness.

Old Mother Earth, enshrouded white,  
Has seemed to wish to start aright  
The new-born year, and cover o'er  
Her grievous sins and faults of yore.

We too, perhaps, have done the same,  
Resolved to let no act of shame  
Defile the year, and keep within  
A quiet conscience free from sin.

The snow of earth will melt away,  
But still the faults and defects stay;  
And thus will time our faults display  
Before another New Year's Day.



Volume II.

January 30, 1906.

Number 4.

### STAFF.

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All communications should be addressed to H. E. Steele, 471 Vine Street, South Bethlehem, Penna. Copy for change of advertisements must be in the hands of the business manager by the first of the month.

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Office of publication, 144 South Main Street.

Wir sind gewohnt, dass die Menschen verhöhnen was sie nicht verstehen.—Goethe.

## Editorial.

THERE is something pitiable in the present state of American Humor. It is so strained and forced in its conceptions and attitudes. True, it is entirely different in many of its phases from the humorous productions of other lands. Of course there is pure humor in the American bosom, as well as in the humorous literature of the country. But true humor is rare.

American humor seems to run to puns and cynical jokes. While an old platitude declares that the pun is the lowest form of wit, most of us sincerely love a good pun. There is nothing objectional about a pun as such. But being the easiest form of wit which can possibly be produced, the inveterate punster becomes a nuisance by the incessance and paucity of his conceptions.

The cynical jokes are, however, open to condemnation. These are to be found in the alleged comic departments of the large Sunday papers. Let us analyze a few of them, and



## THE LEHIGH BURR.

seek to find the kernel of humor or even the basis of justification for the weekly eruption of pink, yellow and blue illustrated humor which is so widely read.

Artful Arty is a typical American boy, shrewd and calculating. Alec Smart is a type of lad more to be pitied than condemned, exhibiting the inherited egotism of a learned, but unworldly father. These types are common enough, and humorous anecdotes of the natural struggles of the latter class upon meeting with a heedless and unthinking world, are interesting, amusing and instructive. But why should we laugh at the machinations of the shrewder boy, always for a personal end, and never really rising above a low cunning, especially as the unsophisticated youth is always in trouble as a result of the same. Has Artful Arty one characteristic which appeals to us as manly or noble? No, he is always glad that he let Alec pull the chestnut from the fire, and there his interest ends. Of course, "it is only fiction, only a joke." But the wit is so poor that it insults the intelligent man, while the repetition of this hard-hearted exhibition, week after week, is hardly proper mental food for children.

Do the mishaps of Swen Swenson, son of Sweden and misfortune, represent the characteristic attitude of America toward the unsophisticated foreigner. We think not. Then why present half a page of lurid illustration descriptive of the troubles and ill-treatment of this poor fellow whose only crime is that he is eternally hunting for a job. If it were funny, we could put up with it. But it is not. The caricatures of the Hooligans had their bad points, but they were funny for a time at least. The same may be said of Alphonse and Gaston.

An English friend has told us that the difference between English and American humor lies in the human interest of the former and the silly, sickening absurdity of the latter. We believe that this distinction, within limits, is well founded. Before we leave the subject of the silly illustrated comics of the Sunday newspapers, let us ask ourselves how many good laughs we have had from this class of humor in the last year.



QUITE akin to the foregoing is the exuberant way we have of cartooning our public men and national institutions. It must be admitted that the humor of these cartoons is of a much higher grade than that of which we have just spoken. Naturally so; it requires a man of mental magnitude and political and sociological acumen, as well as a humorist to conceive of a good cartoon of the Senate and the Trusts. Cartooning the trusts is not objectionable, for this is done in an impersonal way which hurts no one directly. Likewise we have seldom seen President Roosevelt insulted in a comic picture. But the cartooning of Senator Hanna was carried to excess, particularly by Mr. Davenport. His last cartoon of Mr. Hanna, portraying the dead man as the noble, able gentleman which he was, seems to us to have been a poor apology for what had gone before.

Yes! we are a strange nation, we Americans. We must have our little joke about the trusts and monopolies which control our railroads and local government; about the municipal grafters who corrupt our system of government, and donate the public privileges to their friends—and themselves. We even make a small joke at the vote which is sold cheaper than Esau's birthright, and at the latest divorce scandal. Thank heaven there are a few Americans who can sight a national evil a little further than most of us,—and stop joking about it. To such men we owe the present integrity of our national institutions.

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THE recent suspension of the Forum denotes that the students of Lehigh possess a practical working knowledge of the term "efficiency." Whenever a club or team or other voluntary student organization fails to give, in the form of total benefits to ourselves, and our beloved college, an output at least equal to the total time, money, and energy input, it is the duty of the supporters of such institution to suspend it. When so many worthy and flourishing causes merit our best efforts, it is wasteful to nurture, artificially, an organization which evokes only sentimental respect for its senility. New enterprises will arise as their need is felt. Far greater is the usual difficulty of slipping off a burden which has lost its *raison d'être*.



SINCE our last issue, the Literary Digest has printed an article dealing with the sort of literature students read. The writer mentioned in a loose sort of way, a few books which students seem to read very generally, as well as a large number of books classed as good literature, which students do not read. Although he did not name his sources of information, it is easy to see that his remarks do not apply well to engineering schools like our own college. The writer states that college students are getting tired of Kipling. We quite agree with him, and are pleased to note the good taste which the students have shown in this respect. We do not wish to deny that Mr. Kipling has written a few very good things.

But we are hardly prepared to admit that students are avid of the work of Jack London by reason of his sensationalism. Something more than this appeals to us. Jack London is a man of new ideals; and if his spirits romp through his pages with the exuberance of youth, it is because he is a young man who lives where men are up and doing, and he is writing about them in a way that no one else has done. To be sure, Jack London has socialistic tendencies; most literary dreamers of the virile type possess them. And that perhaps is why we love him so well. Most young men at some period or other, become seized with a passion for free thought in religion and government. History is filled with instances of radical changes of governmental, and religious, and social ideals, in which young men have been the leaders. So if Jack London suit us let us read him, for he is a young man after our own heart.

For a fact, there is very little reading beyond textbooks, at Lehigh, excepting in magazines and daily papers. When we read, it is to rest for a short interval which cannot serve for study. We are in college for a limited time only. We have our hard daily tasks. Let us take it, then, not too seriously that students are charged with a lack of attention to good literature. Most of us love it, and when we have more leisure, or at least greater freedom in the arrangement of our work, we shall count it our greatest pleasure to hark back to the great minds who have pleased the centuries since they wrote.

Critics of student life and customs may carp as they will; the fact remains that we are here to perform allotted work; and most of us are doing it. Let this thought comfort us during the coming examinations.



THE BURR is pleased to announce the election of Mr. Ralph W. Kinsey, '07, to the Board.

## THE LEHIGH BURR.

THE minstrel performance is too far away in the past to allow us to reflect any of its brilliancy in refulgent rhetoric. Yes. It was a good show. We enjoyed it. We were glad to find that the BURR has at last found a use. It has furnished basis for the jokes of the college comedians. The BURR received one more knock than the Brown and White; and in return for this distinction proposes with its surplus, to build a vast auditorium for the exclusive use of college dramatics. Many subscriptions are now due.



WE announce the award of the prize of ten dollars to Mr. Leoncio Mosquera, '07, for the best cover design submitted for the BURR.



WE wish to state our appreciation of the kindness of Mr. Henry E. Brown, Jr., of Bethlehem, who designed for the BURR the cover of the December issue.



### A Warning.

---

You may say that when the proverbial, figurative long-horn butted into the china shop, he knew he was slightly out of place, but he didn't know it. But take a young man, fairly good-looking, single, alone and unarmed and send him through a department store to buy everything, from groceries to jewelry, and he is out of place, and knows it. I did it once. It was when I was property-man for an amateur show.

The grocery department was easy; it was not until I struck the toy department that I began to experience anything like the symptoms of neurasthenia. The young woman smiled knowingly when I bought a toy dog, a rubber ball, and a go-cart and when the boy came in from the grocery department to ask "where I wanted the potatoes sent to," it would have taken fourteen alibis and an Allentown jury to convince her that I was not married. As I got my nerve up to do a little jollyng, she got her backbone up to do a little freezing. And I was frozen. I'll have you to understand, sir, that she was a lady, and although she might go up to Promenade Park and dance with anybody who introduced himself as Mr. Smith-didn't-I-meet-you-at-Miss-Brown's, she would have absolutely nothing to do with married men. Why first thing you know she might have her name in the Allentown Star, say not?

When I cogitated upon my reception in the toy department and ruminated further upon the next article upon my list, a dressing-sack, I was stricken with qualms of conscience and the neurasthenia returned. Symptoms: red ears, weak knees, and a longing to light out. On the second floor where there were displayed many things of peculiar structure and unknown application, I came to the conclusion that I was in the right place to buy a dressing-sack. Assuming a dignified air and an easy carriage, I approached a young lady who wore a silly grin (plus) behind a pile of white, fluffy, lacy material.



## THE LEHIGH BURR.

"Pardon me, can you tell me where I can buy a—a—a dressing-sack?" My! but she looked relieved when I got out the "dressing-sack."

She said Amy would show me some, te-he. I thought it was very kind of Amy and said so. "Is that Amy over there behind the pile of pink polka dots?" I asked. She said it was, te-he-he.

Amy saw me coming, put her hands on her hips, shrugged her shoulders after the manner of females, and composed herself.

With resignation written on my facial characteristics I told Amy that I wanted to buy a dressing-sack. Amy was very business-like. "What size do you wear?" I told her I didn't wear any and she guessed that was one on her. Then, Oh, sadness, I made a false step: I said I hadn't noticed that she had one on. Amy looked at me; she blushed; then she grinned; then she slowly closed her left, lustrous, luminous orb; she thought that I was trying to jolly her. And the way in which she came back at me reminded me of the time that I told the Professor of Mathematics that the book was wrong.

Amy sized me up. She thought that what I lacked in female depth I made up in male breadth and guessed that a forty would do. I thought it would. And now keep your eye on Amy—she is going to make things interesting for your Uncle Dudley.

"Would you like to try it on?" asked Amy. Score one for Amy. Now it may be false pride, but I like to say that I have never been bluffed, so in the midst of that crowd of women, old, young, and doubtful, I attired the manly form of yours truly in a pink dressing-sack. Amy pulled it down at the bottom and up at the top, pinned the collar at an angle whose tangent is one, and the belt on the bias to give the kangaroo effect. Imagine a gorilla attired in a shirt-waist and a pair of pear-shaped trousers and you have a Sunday supplement lithographed in twelve colors of yours truly in a dressing-sack.

I asked Amy if she thought pink was becoming to me and she said it matched my complexion perfectly. Score another for Amy. When I paid Amy the ninety-eight cents reduced from a dollar for the dressing-sack, I began to breathe again; but Amy wasn't through with me. Says Amy, "shall I wrap it up or will you wear it?" That was the solar plexus jolt that put Little Willie down for the count. But I liked Amy—she seemed to be right in the game.

[I made a date with Amy.]

Moral. My son, beware of Amys, for they toil not neither do they spin, but sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. M.



### A Little Conversation.

Professor of French (to his class) "Bon jour, mes amis! We will have a little conversation this morning. What do you eat for dinner? Monsieur Higgins, qu'avez-vous mangé pour dîner?"

Higgins (anxious to show off his French),

Des huitres, de la soupe, du poisson, du beouf, des asperges, du riz, des oeufs, du fromage, du plum-pudding, des gateaux, du—"

(The Professor falls to the floor with a "dull thud," but manages to get around to class a week later.)

## A Question of Ounces.

---

We were having a smoke after supper last night, when the student from Colorado, who used to attend Lehigh some years ago, rambled in, looking no worse than before, except for a short scar extending from his left ear to his mouth. We were all mindful of the excellent story which he told us last March, when he was with us, and we got out a good pipe and made him comfortable. After a while I could not contain my curiosity as to the new facial ornament which he had acquired since his last visit, and asked him about it

"Well," said the student, "there is not much to tell. But I see you want the story, so here goes." He filled and lighted a dingy clay pipe which he produced from an inner pocket, and proceeded as follows:

"I've been studying in Vienna since I was here last, and expected to stay longer, but for the events leading up to this scar. You see, I occupied rooms on the east side of the river, and being out of the student quarters, had no callers to speak of. So I was surprised one evening late in November, when my landlady showed in a dirty youngster carrying a small basket which he set down. When we were alone, he produced from the basket a lump of lead weighing about a pound, and handed me a note, which requested that I should make an immediate assay of the lead for precious values. I always carry with me, since leaving this college, a few blow-pipe utensils, and with these I soon had the result. I was surprised to find that the lead carried 400 ounces of silver to the ton; but how shall I describe my feelings when the gold content figured approximately 1000 ounces of gold per ton of this work-lead, for such I concluded it to be. I wrote the results upon a slip of paper and gave it to the lad, who bade me keep the lead for my trouble.

This strange visit and the result of the analysis gave me food for thought the rest of that evening. Why should a lad visit me, an obscure foreigner, and ask for a quick assay at practically no notice? Why was a boy trusted with such work, and why had not the owner of the bullion waited a day for an accurate certified assay? But I dismissed the thought from my mind until the next night, when the whole process was repeated. The silver content was the same; the gold a trifle higher. At the end of a week I decided to dispose of the lead, and with a letter from the Professor with whom I was working, visited a gold and silver refiner who dealt with the government at times. This worthy German, Herr Fischel by name, was pleased to see me, but when I told him the value of the bullion of which I wished to dispose, he glanced keenly at me and asked that I take a receipt for the stuff, which was stamped with a number preparatory to assaying. The next day I called, the refiner paid me the value of the bullion, less charges, and said: "Your assays were approximately correct, but the curious thing is that I have been getting Mexican bullion of the same assay this week from an importer who has been in this city about two years. Do you know him, Signor Molino, a Florentine, whose residence and vaults are at 243 Karntnerstrasse? He had previously sold me base bullion in small quantities, but seems to have

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nothing but this rich lead now. See, here is a bar of it on my desk, bearing the mark of 'Rio Ventano Lead and Copper Company.' This shipment has so far reached five tons and I shall take no more, as it is too much risk to have it lying about. The average assay is 420 ounces of silver and 1026 ounces of gold."

You may imagine my perplexity at this matter. What if I had been assaying samples of bullion pilfered from Signor Molino, and what if my name were connected with the theft when it should be discovered. I went home that night determined to have no more to do with the little beggar who brought the lead. Arriving at the house, I found him awaiting me with a fresh block of the metal. I felt that I must see the bottom of this affair, and ran through the assay as quickly as I could. Same results. Dismissing the boy, I pulled on my shoes and overcoat, not forgetting my Colt 38-40, and followed him at a distance. When we were two squares from the Kärntnerstrasse, but apparently pursuing a course parallel to it through alleys, a drunken fellow stopped me, asking alms. As we collided I drove my fist under his rib, while he, staggering backward, made the beautiful carving which you see on my left cheek. Although I made an attempt to pursue him, he got away, while I returned to my room and had the wound attended to. Thanks to my heavy blow, he had not cut deeply. The question was, had he recognized me as the student assayer, or supposed that I was a secret service man trailing the boy? The answer came next evening, when a young man brought another sample for analysis. Like the lad, he spoke German with an Italian accent, and from their appearance, I judged them both to be Venetians, of which there are many at the Austrian capital. He seemed not to see my hurt, for I sat in a shadow. Anyhow, I reasoned, I may have been attacked by a person totally unconnected with these people, or by a dull fellow under whose general charge they had placed the boy. His knife may well have borne no blood from a quick superficial cut like that. At any rate, mastering my pain, I used my blow-pipe with the usual result.

As before, I followed the agent, but finding that he was following the same general route as the boy had taken, I made for the Kärntnerstrasse and walked up about five squares and waited. It was taking long odds, but at least I should meet no more pugnacious inebriates upon the thoroughfare. In about five minutes I saw my man coming and, allowing him to pass, followed him upon the opposite side of the street. He entered a substantial looking house, using a night-key. I marked the house, which was the fifth from the Wallfischgasse, and passed on. The next day I looked the house up in the directory. It was 243 Kärntnerstrasse.

Here was a pretty mess. The problem was farther than ever from solution. Why had Signor Molino sent his work secretly to me in place of to a public chemist? I had now no doubt of the identity of my lead and of the bullion which he had been selling.

In perplexity I went next day to the old refiner, and presented the matter in a way to impress him with the idea that I was acting to save him from loss in these dark dealings. He welcomed me to his office, where we began to compare notes. About a quarter of an hour had elapsed, when a van passed the office and turned down the alley toward the weighing-room door. Upon a group of boxes sat the jolting figure of my visitor of the previous night. At that I dove behind the high desk, acquainting Herr Fischel with my discovery. In a few minutes the young man whom I recognized by his voice, entered and received his certificate, and after a few remarks, left. Immediately the refiner and I compared our notes



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of assays. Our conclusion was that he had received upon any given day, the batch of bullion which I had assayed upon the night before. It was evident that my assay had been used to check that of Herr Fischel's chemist; but why this secrecy and haste. How to account for the rapidly succeeding deliveries of rich bullion, all in a week. The refiner had disposed of the gold to the government to date and had deposited the Assay Office checks at his bank without delay. He decided to work up the balance of the bullion and deliver it to the government at once, to cover himself against loss, if there were any irregularities about his recent purchases of bullion.

As a new move, I cabled a friend who is an assayer for the Rio Ventano Company, asking him the highest assay of bullion shipped to Signor Molino during the last six months. Late that night the answer came 430 ounces of silver, and 38 ounces of gold per ton. This was a stunner. I telephoned Herr Fischel to save one bar of bullion for me to examine the next morning. At eight o'clock I was at his works. I needed no lens to show that the letters "Rio Ventano Lead and Copper Company" were bright about the edges. They had not been placed there more than two days before. Here was the situation to date. Signor Molino had enriched the bullion with an enormous amount of gold, and had restamped each ingot with the name of the original smelter. Our problem was, why? Whence came the gold? "Well," said Herr Fischel, "I will buy no more bullion from Signor Molino for a few days. I sent him word to that effect yesterday." We sat in his office discussing the matter for an hour or more. Then the refiner was called outside. He returned in a few minutes, with a pale face, and told me in a whisper that Signor Molino and family had left the night before for an unknown destination.

The next day, the refined gold having been deposited with the Government Assay Office and checks given, the refiner and I called upon the Chief of the Police Department of Vienna. Arrangements were made with Herr Fischel's office as the rendezvous for nine o'clock that night. Arriving there we found four gendarmes, together with the Chief, who led the way to the home of Signor Molino. No one responded to our summons at the bell. The police forced an entrance. We proceeded to the cellar. There were many signs of hard labor about the apartment. Two wind-furnaces, with large crucibles, were set up at the base of the chimney. Scrap lead and oxide of the same metal were everywhere. Upon the floor was a pile of charcoal, and ash was scattered about. A door was found at the rear of the cellar. On opening this, we found ourselves in a stone tunnel evidently of great age. Down this we ran, until the slimy floor and dripping walls bade us use more caution. For 500 yards we proceeded, when the grade rose, becoming drier as we advanced. Finally our path was barred by a solid wall of stone masonry. Solid? No, two large stones were missing. Shoving a night lamp into the recess we saw our way blocked by a massive wall of steel. The Chief was wild with anger. He beat upon the smooth surface with his clinched hand. A section about eighteen inches square broke away, tottered and fell at our feet. Unnerved with excitement, I jammed my body through the opening, and fell against a solid mass of packages covered with something like jute or burlap. The Chief, his men, and Herr Fischel followed. The Chief turned his lamp upon the packages about us. Six feet high they rose in massive array. He examined them minutely, and with his knife, slit the seam of one of them.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you stand in the gold reserve bullion vault of the Imperial Bank

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of Austria." The officers remained on guard. We retraced our steps and soon turned toward our respective homes.

There is little else to say. Neither Signor Mo'ino or any member of his family have been apprehended to date. The tunnel which they used in their work was one which was driven under the river to harass besiegers during the old days when the Turks ran riot over that part of Europe. Secret from the start, its existence had been forgotten. How Molino discovered that one end abutted his foundations, I have no means of knowing. The report of the architect who built the treasury building scores of years before, speaks of the other end of it as a dry sewer, which was walled up before the vaults were built in. As to the balance-sheet of the whole transaction, the government was the only loser, having virtually bought back \$120,000 worth of its own gold." The student from Colorado ended, and refilling his black clay, lit it in silence.

"But," we clamored, "what did you get out of the whole enterprise?" The student from Colorado reflected. "Sixty dollars in lead bullion, this, (stroking his face), and this small token from the Emperor Franz Josef," exhibiting a medal bearing the arms of the Austro-Hungarian Empire."



### Our Last Punt.

The following statement is reprinted from the Baltimore Sun of December 2, 1905:

Chicago, Dec. 1.—When the hunting season in Wisconsin and upper Michigan closed last night all records for casualties among hunters had been broken. There are 26 dead and 55 wounded.

Some of the latter may not recover. The usual number of the wounded and killed were mistaken for deer.

It is too bad that foot ball is so destructive of life and limb. The moral to be drawn is that in foot ball it is chiefly the improperly trained, immature and physically unfit who are injured. In gunning the untrained and careless are a menace, not so much to themselves, as to others.

If physical and moral injury could be measured by any common method of comparison it would probably appear that the physical injury sustained by a few players is negligible, as compared with the moral degradation suffered by the whole student body of those institutions which allow dishonest and mercenary inducements to secure players.



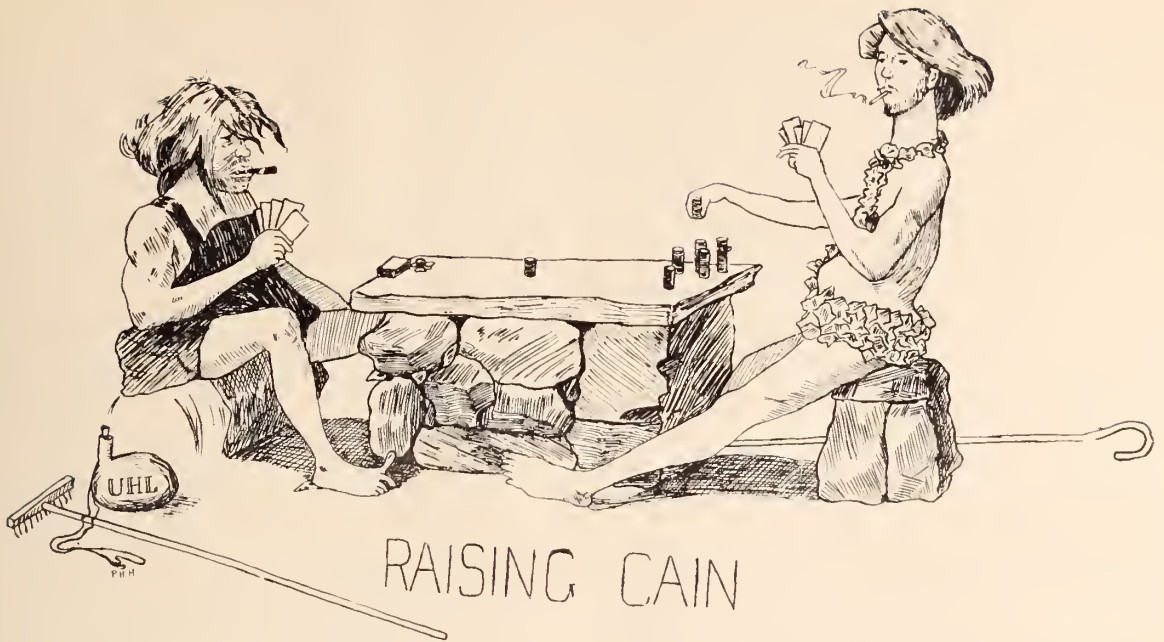
### MATTER OF FACT.

Ten Broke—I hear that Robeson has been forced to stop work for the *Brown and White*. Is he resigned?

Askit—No, he is fired.

### New Year's Day.

Resolved: Never to become intoxicated, pifficated, plutherized, canned, tanked, tight, boozed, boiled, loaded, lit, shot, soused, soshed, full, mellow, ossified, paralyzed, or plain drunk.



### The College Widow.

The "College Widow" is a very clever satire upon existing foot ball conditions. One valuable and novel suggestion in it as to the acquirement of men is the introduction of the factor, girl. Instead, however, of forcing the whole burden of attraction upon one girl, we would suggest a staff of thoroughly trained, bright and pretty girls as an invaluable addition to the coaching staff of our colleges. This seems to us a very simple way of ridding the sport of professionalism. Get feminine attractions, supplanting money as inducement to foot ball men.

Something whispers to me that this scheme must be in practice at an institution not far from here. It is a small institution, but its foot-ball team is magnificent. The secret is to us no longer a secret—it is a coeducational institution. In future we may expect to see advertisements of this calibre:

— University  
 Prettiest Coaching Staff in the Country  
 Teas Every Afternoon  
 All Good Dancers and None Engaged.

### Quiz in Physics Dec. nth, 1905.

Omission of explanation graded zero.

Question I. (a) Define 'saturation point,' give examples. Explain.

(b) Discuss saturation curves. Explain

Answer: The chief saturation point in South Bethlehem is quatuple in character, being characterized as the Five Points. In a state of saturation they are difficult to distinguish. These five critical points lie upon quite a number of saturation curves, and seem to be nodal points or perhaps the origin of the large number of curves meeting there. As in the case of the meteorological analogue, the more complete the saturation, the less stable is the equilibrium of the system. We cannot make any definite statement as to the confused mathematical character of saturation curves, for those who have traced the largest number of them seem to know the least concerning their development. When a saturation curve is crossed by the mass designated as C-O-P, proceeding in a straight line, the saturation curve will more nearly approximate a straight line, if saturation is not too nearly complete.



## THE LEHIGH BURR.

### Elegy of a Politician.

One day we missed him at the old saloon,  
Another came and yet we saw him not;  
The next in accents grave we asked his coon  
Where he had gone? to what deserted spot?

He answered only with a tearful smile,  
And heaved a sigh from out his ample chest;  
His head was covered with his master's tile,  
And round his person was his master's vest.

We knew by these our friend had met his death,  
And straightway through the ward we  
spread the news;  
He'd voted every time he drew his breath,  
And all admired, no matter what their views.

A funeral we gave him, three miles long,  
Attended by the heelers of his staff;  
He seemed to us a man who did no wrong,  
So on his tomb we placed this epitaph.

"Here lies a man who grafted all he could,  
And never let a chance slip through his  
hands;  
In every way he served the public good,  
And made that fit with all his own de-  
mands."

\* \* \* \* \*

### Burr's Hints to Young Authors.

Starters for stories after the latest literary  
fashions.

Yes, it was very hard for us all to part with  
Geraldine Jane; but—

\* \* \* \* \*

Only an Allentown girl! And yet how fair  
—how wondrously fair she was!

\* \* \* \* \*

On a sunny day toward the close of Janu-  
ary 17—the heir of Jagshurst passed away.

\* \* \* \* \*

"No!"

The speaker was a manly youth of but  
nineteen years.

\* \* \* \* \*

I first saw the light of day—

\* \* \* \* \*

"Push the eglantine aside, Marguerite."

It was night—night in the great city.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun was rising on a perfect day—

\* \* \* \* \*

A bright, glorious fire, no conditions, a keg  
beside him—what more did Herbert Vane  
need to be happy?

\* \* \* \* \*

The birds were twittering sweetly that morn-  
ing in leafy May when Douglass Montmor-  
ency—

\* \* \* \* \*



COMMON.

Banks—Can Howler sing?

Cranks—No, confound him, but he does.

### LIFE AND LOVE.

*A royal youth, in a ship of gold,  
Set sail in life on a sea that rolled  
With faultless waves in a faultless light,  
And mirrored the future in visions bright.*

*The pilot's goal was a city fair,  
With spires of gold in the perfect air;  
Enthroned in state in a mansion there  
Awaited his queen, with beauty rare.*

*A stroke of fate in the dead of night—  
The ship, the city, all passed from sight;  
A broken boat and a fog ahead—  
The dream was gone, for his love was dead.*

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